

MAD RJ GAL 12.



LIKE to the Mountains, are mine high
desires;

Level to thy love's highest point
: Grounded on faith, which thy sweet grace
requires.

For Springs, tears rise in endless
source, For Summer's flowers, Love's
fancies I appoint.

The Trees, with storms tossed out of
course, Figure my thoughts, still blasted
with Despair.

Thunder, lightning, and hail
Make his trees mourn : thy frowns make me
bewail! This only difference 1 Here, lire ;
there, snows are 1

SONNET LI II .



WHY do I draw my breath, vain sighs
to feed ;

Since all my sighs be breathed out
in vain ?

Why be these eyes the conduits, whence
proceed

These ceaseless tears, which, for your sake !
do rain ? Why do I write my woes ! and
writing, grieve

To think upon them, and their sweet
contriver ;

Begging some comfort^ which might me
relieve,

When the remembrance is my cares'
reviver ? Why do I sue to kiss; and kiss,
to love;

And love, to be tormented ; not beloved ?

Can neither sighs, nor tears, my sorrows
move By lines, or words ? nor will they be
removed ?

Then tire not, Tyrant! but on mine heart
tire I

That unconsumedj I burn* in my Desire.